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MR. BROWN'S PIGS.

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ETC.

EDITED BY

GEO. MEGRATH.

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ADVERTISEMENT BY THE EDITOR.

I have in my possession several papers, written by members of the Sociable Club, of which the following may serve as specimens. The first article in this little pamphlet, appeared originally in the "Knickerbocker Magazine" for October 1853. For want of a better excuse for its republication now, I might offer (what would suffice for "the Trade" at least) the wonderful increase in the Pork crop the present season, when so much of other crops fails to come to market. The verses are printed as being the shortest of all the attempts at poetry-writing in the collection, and as appealing to any pathetic interest the reader may attach to the unfortunate Mr. Brown. The lecture I publish, as Mr. Rinkle delivered it, "by request." We all remember listening to a very fine discourse indeed, delivered, and, in fact, re-delivered by Mr. Ike. Marvel, some years since, on "Beauty and its Uses." The members of the Club were so much struck with Mr. Marvel's views of what may be called the positive of the subject, that they requested Mr. Rinkle to express his sentiments on the Negative thereof, which he accordingly did, every member of the Club being present, and the apartments being "graced by the presence of the ladies."

New York, August, 1862. G. M.

MR. BROWN'S PIGS.

One evening, not a great while since, I dropped in at the Sociable Club, of which, I flatter myself, I am not altogether an undistinguished member. Indeed I believe every one of us has a good opinion of himself, founded on a consciousness of some merit which no other member gainsays or denies. Certainly, for a club-man to decry his fellow would be a species of self-stultification, like abusing one's wife to one's neighbor. Whether we recognize this principle, or whether it be that we are all of a happy, generous disposition, there is no doubt that, almost without exception, we are on the best of terms with each other and with ourselves.

But whatever vanity there may be among us individually, in our collective capacity, and as the world sees us, we make no great pretensions. We have not yet reached the full-blown dignity of housekeeping, and are content with a pair of rooms and an ante-chamber, conveniently located over Briggs, the cigar and liquor merchant, with whom we store

our wines, and whose clerk serves us as a butler, without pay; while above us is Madame Frisbie's fashionable millinery establishment, which affords us an opportunity of meeting a good many fine ladies on the stairs, and some of the prettiest little *coiffeuses* in the world.

As for that 'society,' as it is called, which so many men and women, boys and girls, fools and, indeed, wits, 'go into,' we do not, as a general thing, see much of it except at a respectful distance. If I were to assert that we object to several of its requirements; that we dislike standing an hour at a time, with no means of escape, hopelessly endeavoring to entertain some heavy lady to whom we have nothing to say; that young Masters Polky and Swell, tearing round the room, each with an armful of young woman, distribute hotness as they pass beside treading on one's toes; and that we are decidedly unwilling to stand in halls or on landings, exposed to draughts, elbowings, and tray-corners—I might, perhaps, expose our Club to unmerited suspicion, and be asked if the grapes were sour; so I shall only say that, while a great many persons find pleasure in the above amusements, we are moderately contented in our second-story club; and while Masters Polky and Swell are pulling on those agon-

izing boots of theirs, or getting up those immense cravat-ties, which always remind me of the old-fashioned telegraph, in full play, that used to swing above the Exchange cupola, we, in quiet clothes, are passing the evening without any sort of martyrdom whatever.

There is an air of sociability about the rooms of our Club that authorizes its title at once. John, Black John, our Purveyor, Under Secretary, Commissary-General, and Mercury-at-large, who weighs fourteen stone and treads like Camilla, opens the door, and welcomes you with an expansive smile beaming over the whole of his face, that I can only liken to a hemisphere in sun-shine. There is the cheerfullest of fires in the grate in the winter-season, the most fragrant lilacs bloom there in spring, and the greenest asparagus-tops in mid-summer. Upon the walls are one or two pictures, which, if not very gratifying as specimens of art, are yet calculated to inspire sociability and good humor. Over one mantel is an engraving of the Literary Tea Party; while the other is decorated with a print after Leslie's picture of Uncle Toby and the Widow; and at the late sale of the Art-Union property—which, as sociable fellows, we regretted as much as anybody—we purchased a fine, large fruit-piece, delineating half

a water-melon, a cantelope, several peaches, and a knife and silver salver, which, when fruit is not in season, is very refreshing.

As for our other furniture, it is decidedly more useful than ornamental, more comfortable than costly. Jo. Mallet, the celebrated auctioneer, who is a member of our Club, and who, after knocking down lots of the most elegant, fashionable, and costly furniture in this metropolis, will yet come into the Club of an evening and tell his story or enjoy a joke without any airs or the least pretension—Jo. Mallet, even, would fail in attempting to make the contents of our rooms fetch any handsome sum of money. Far distant be the day when he shall be called on for such a purpose! May it never be his duty to stand up on the mahogany he has sat down to so often!

And here let me fervently hope the kind reader will not accuse us of parsimony for the modest manner of our club-keeping. Above all, let me deprecate the degrading imputation of poverty—that 'lower deep' of infamy in this golden age. No, no; we may have our faults, but not quite that. If we chose to go in the very face and eyes of the fundamental principle of our clubbed existence, we might, with a little financiering, manage to be splendid. But, ah! we have heard of the dismal sociability of

many elegantly-appointed mansions in our Belgravia. We know the Gorgon influence of superb upholstery. We listened, at the Club the other evening, to the story of the country-gentleman at one of the new hotels, who sat on his trunk all night, afraid of doing something not quite genteel in the presence of so much good furniture. By all odds, we prefer chintz and sociability to brocatelle and the fear of using it. Give us plain Brussels for our floors, and leathern-cushioned arm-chairs for our sedent refreshment, and let us put our feet on the sofa and smoke, and be sociable.

Among the members of the Club, Rinkle is, perhaps, the greatest authority in matters of literature and taste. Without being engaged in any one pursuit, a moderate income enables him to gratify his passion for lounging in libraries and book-stores, and poring over the magazines, and occasionally to buy a new publication. He has been told that he ought to write for the periodicals, but he professes too much regard for the fraternity of authors to interfere with their perquisites. 'No, no,' he says: 'if publishers want articles, let them pay for them, and let them go to the men that want the money. I take the bread out of no man's mouth.' On matters of every day interest, however, he does not hesitate to put

pen to paper. Those are his initials, 'Q. R.,' which you occasionally see in the newspapers underneath a brief but cogent argument in favor of sweeping the streets by steam-power at midnight; or attached to a statement of the fact, that the thermometer stood at ninety degrees Fahrenheit at Montreal, last Wednesday, and at seventy-five degrees in Wall-street at the same time, which accounted for the cold southerly gale yesterday morning.

He was entered in the club-register when proposed as Mr. Q. Rinkle, and somebody immediately dubbed him Queer; but his card was found afterward on one of the tables, from which we learned that he had been christened Quentin.

Another prominent member is Mr. Fred Daw, who, being something of a *bon vivant*, and considered a good judge of wines, may be set down as the Club's gastronomic oracle. Fred is a rising young lawyer, and *has* been a rising young lawyer any time these fifteen years. Considering the slowness with which legal gentlemen culminate, and Fred's fondness for good cheer, I think it may be assumed that by the time Mr. Daw falls into the grave, he will be pronounced, in a professional way, to have just risen.

I take extreme pleasure in further introducing

to the reader Mr. Wicherly Cribbs, of Wall-street. Of the exact nature of Mr. Cribbs' business I am not aware. I was unable to discover his name in the Directory when I once wished too see him on the affairs of the Club, but after some search found him fat and comfortable as ever, in an under-ground apartment, counting over an immense number of faded bank-bills, and, as it appeared to me, with his eyes shut. He is our reference on financial matters, and has furnished Rinkle with many valuable statistics. He can always tell us how many shares the great Mr. Flam is long or short in the ruling fancy; and although I believe he is not a member of the Board, he seldom fails to give us the full particulars of any exciting scene on the Stock Exchange. If he has a weakness, it is to be considered a sporting character; but I firmly believe him innocent of any proficiency that would warrant the title, and am inclined to think he gets his intelligence at second-hand. In spite of this failing, Mr. Cribbs is held in high estimation at our rooms; and it is my intention, when the copy-right treaty is fairly under way, to consult him on the subject of investments.

But the gentleman to whom the reader and myself may at present be said to be under the deepest obligation, inasmuch as he has been the cause—logic-

ally remote, and legally innocent, to be sure—of the lines I am now writing, is Mr. Rawdon Brown; and if I have not looked upon Mr. Brown hitherto with that glow of friendship with which I regard some other members, it is not that I have any personal feelings of hostility toward him. Heaven forbid! I trust I am at peace with all the world. Nor is it because I begrudge him the gold spoon with which he was born; dear me! why should I care whether my spoon be gold or pewter, so long as I have my egg, and the appetite to relish it? But the cause of any coolness that Brown may have observed in me is an unpleasant suspicion I have had of the out-and-out genuineness of his sociable sentiments, judged by the Club-standard of orthodoxy.

As a proof of my freedom from that *serra animæ* —envy—I do frankly admit that Brown is the youngest and best dressed man among us, and that he has given some capital dinners at the Club. But still I must be allowed to say I have observed with pain his evident *penchant* for that domestic conglomerate called fashionable society, and his ill-concealed reverence for the titles and unmeaning gew-gaws of foreign aristocracies. I have met him twice in the street of an evening wearing a high and very white cravat; and I confess that, on those occasions, the

general stiffness, and reserve, and unsociability of his air, inspired me with disgust. For several months past, Brown has not been seen at the Club. At first his absence was noticed, for we liked his dinners and smiling face. But learning that he was out of town on some private business, we consoled ourselves after the fashion of most sociable men, and turned to other dinners and other faces, and in the fulness and perfection of our sociability, got on so well without him, that I had not heard his name mentioned for weeks until the evening to which I have referred, when, as my wont is, I dropped in at the Club.

On this occasion, I was gratified to find Rinkle, Fred Daw, and Mr. Cribbs in the rooms. It was early, and no one was present—pardon me, Black John, thou wast there with thy great shining face; but thou art a necessity to our comfort, John, and like many of our comforts, we shall often forget thee until thou art gone.

John took my umbrella and over-coat as I approached the fire—it was a rawish night—and his glowing countenance, which is as good as another fire in a room on a cheerless day, disappeared into his private ante-chamber on the landing. I found Rinkle seated at the table, dallying with the magazines; Cribbs was comfortably ensconced in an arm-

chair, sleepily holding a letter in his hand; and Fred reclining on a sofa, was devoting the evening remnant of his legal energies to making rings with tobacco smoke.

'A letter from Brown,' said Cribbs, as I entered.

'*What* Brown?' I suddenly asked: and I now acknowledge the unsociable treachery of my memory.

'You are fined,' said Rinkle, in a low, solemn voice, looking at me over his spectacles, 'for sociable heterodoxy and schism. The Brown referred to is a member of a Club to which one *Smithers* also belongs.' (That is my own name, dear reader, and you will admire the delicacy with which I have refrained from introducing myself.) I bowed my acquiescence in his decision, and desired to know the nature of the fine.

'That shall be decided presently. Meanwhile we are endeavoring to account for Brown's conduct.'

A faint surmise that Brown had suddenly married into fashionable life, and had sent in his resignation, arose in my mind as I inquired into the *gravamen criminis*.

'Pigs,' replied Fred.

'Pigs?'

'Ah! pigs, indeed,' said Cribbs, mournfully.

'It seems,' said Rinkle, with an explanatory ges-

ture, 'that our friend Brown, than whom a better fellow does n't breathe, has, for some unexplained cause, been withdrawing himself from the amenities of civilized life, and amusing his leisure with agricultural, or, to speak more correctly, zoological pursuits. Though they have proved disastrous, I am the last man, and I hope, gentlemen, you are the last men'——

'Hear!' cried Fred.

'Of course,' said Cribbs.

And I nodded approval—

'To condemn failure when the motive has been worthy, and the effort has corresponded thereto. I only wish,' he continued, speaking slowly, and looking at Fred, as though there were an important criminal trial going on, in which Rinkle was judge, Brown prisoner at the bar, and F. Daw, Esq. counsel for the accused. "I only wish I could think of a motive, or that he had stated one in his letter.'

'Hams,' suggested the learned counsel.

The Judge shook his head.

'Dividends,' Cribbs mildly volunteered.

Rinkle still shoook his head: 'No, gentlemen, the objects you mention, are worthy of an effort, but either of them could be attained without the sacrifices our friend has imposed upon himself. I

must look for some higher motive. It may be there is some trait in the character of the pig, as yet unobserved by ourselves, but revealed to Brown, calculated, if developed, to enlist our intellectual sympathies. I remember reading somewhere that Luther occasionally passed an hour in company with his swine, and found the change agreeable after severe polemics. Whether Brown would have chosen any such relief from the society of books, I cannot venture to decide. Certainly I can hardly think he would select it after the enjoyment of such social privileges as this metropolis affords.'

'I tell you what it is,' said Cribbs, who suddenly seemed to remember some interesting fact, 'there's good pluck in a pig.'

'Of course there is,' said Fred; 'the negroes are very fond of it, and esteem it a rare delicacy, although'——

'Pshaw! I don't mean that, but *grit*—courage. The celebrated fighting-pig, Pape, whipped one dog after another with perfect ease; I saw him do it.'

'An exception to the general rule,' remarked Rinkle. 'Pigs are generally faint-hearted, inasmuch as they are generally hungry. Man may be valorous after dinner, but swine recognize no such period of existence. With them, life is one continued ante-prandium.'

'But, my dear Rinkle,' I here ventured to ask, 'why look for some improbable and recondite motive for Brown's conduct, which I understand to consist merely in rearing a certain number of swine? I certainly cannot see why honest efforts to bring good pork to market do not constitute as laudable an occupation as any. Although Burton pronounces pork to be melancholy food, it certainly has operated very materially to give anything but a gloomy expression to the face of our whole western country. As forming one of our chief staples, pigs may be said to have built many of our cities, enlarged our canals, extended our rail-roads, and turned our prairies into cornfields.'

'All true,' said Rinkle, 'but material, very material.'

'And if,' I continued, 'the common article of merchandise—pork of no rare breed, or choice feeding—forms such an universal dish, and deserves respect from its popularity, how much more importance does it assume when, by judicious cross-breeding and dainty nurture, the flesh becomes etherealized, as I may say, and even the mature hog is as great a delicacy as the 'young and tender suckling under a year old,' over which Charles Lamb went into such raptures.'

'I remember,' said Rinkle: 'a dainty description is that, and worthy of the subject. One paragraph I shall never forget:

'"There is no flavor comparable, I will contend, to that of the crisp, tawny, well-watched, not over-roasted *crackling*, as it is well called: the very teeth are invited to their share of the pleasures of this banquet, in overcoming the coy, brittle, resistance, with the adhesive oleaginous—Oh! call it not fat! but an indefinable sweetness growing up to it; the tender blossoming of fat; fat cropped in the bud, taken in the shoot, in the first innocence; the cream and quintessence of the child-pig's yet pure food; the lean—no lean, but a kind of animal manna, or, rather fat *and* lean, (if it must be so,) so blended and running into each other that both together make but one ambrosian result, a common substance.'

'Yes, Rinkle,' I observed, 'you have there quoted a passage that might almost persaude a man to embark in the business of pig-breeding, and endeavor after perennial litters. But Lamb was guilty of slandering the adult animal, and overlooking his capacities for carnal improvement. A well-born shote, judiciously developed by green vegetables and grain, and matured upon chesnuts, forms no mean dish; and if you will turn to the *London Quarterly* for January, 1853, which is on the table near you, you will find a few lines I have marked in an article on the Cloister Life of Charles V., which gives you an idea of pork as it should be, and which might, I think, make an epicure regret that he did not live in Spain in the sixteenth century.'

Rinkle found the article and read as follows:

'Yet if Spaniards have written their annals true, these said Belgians and Hollanders looked plump and fair, and fed as voraciously as if they had been Jews, upon the unctuous hams and griskins of Montanches. Estremadura is indeed a porcine pays de Cocagne; an Elysium of the pig; a land overflowing with savory snakes for his summer improvement, and with sweet acorns for his autumnal perfectionment; whence results a flesh fitter for demi-gods than Dutchmen, and a fat tinted like melted topazes—a morsel for cardinals and wise men of the West.

Fred Daw was on his feet in an instant. He had writhed with gusto while Rinkle repeated the roast pig paragraph, but he could now contain himself no longer. He flung his cigar in the fire, and requested that that bit of writing might be served over again; after which he ordered John to go immediately down stairs and bring up a bottle of that celebrated Topaz sherry, and glasses for four.

It was after we had drunk to Brown, to Spanish pigs, and to the reviewer unknown, that Rinkle informed me that, however pertinent I might have considered my observations, they had no relevancy whatever to the case in hand; that Brown's pigs had not been of the same breed, by any means, as those in the Review; that he had not attempted their perfectionment on snakes and acorns; that they had been objects rather of pity than admiration; that, for himself, he must look for some nobler motive than had yet been suggested to account for the young man's conduct; and that for the unpleasant

facts of the case he would refer me to Cribbs, who who had the letter: and thereupon our philosophic member made a dead set at all the quarterlies on the table in search of a theory.

While he was thus employed, and while Daw on the sofa was in a smiling reverie, in which floated I dare say, visions of unctuous hams and griskins, and flesh tinted like melted topazes, Mr. Wycherly Cribbs imparted to me the leading particulars connected with the subject before us.

Rawdon Brown, it seems, had, for some reason only known to himself, bought, in the early summer, five hundred of those articles of merchandize known to dealers under the name of Western Store Pigs. He had passed several hours at the Bull's Head one rainy day, in the agreeable company of a most polite and well-informed gentlemen, from whom he made the purchase, and who, through all the inclemency of the weather, and all the repulsive filth of the yards, had kindly assisted him in selecting, counting, and weighing the drove. It was at this gentleman's suggestion that he choose the leanest animals, as being the best travellers, and affording the fairest field for developement and improvement. It was in deference to his advice that he stabled his fine horse at the Bull's Head over-night, and that he took rooms at the Bull's Head Tavern on

the same evening, preparatory to the start for the country 'in the cool' of the next day. It was this polite gentleman who 'scared up,' to use his own language, half a dozen good 'drover-boys,' and introduced them to Mr. Brown as 'uncommon careful lads with a drove;" it was this gentleman who received Mr. Rawdon Brown's check for nineteen hundred and ninety-nine and ninety one-hundreths' dollars, being the amount of the bill rendered for five hundred Store Pigs, weighing, as per returns, twenty-eight thousand five hundred and seventy pounds, and sold at seven cents per pound; and, furthermore, it was this gentleman whom, notwithstanding all these attentions, Mr. Brown subsequently characterized as a scamp.

Among the delights which Mr. Howard Payne had in his mind's eye when he wrote that renowned song, 'Home, Sweet Home,' I think the bed, the familiar bed, with its clean, sweet sheets, must have been uppermost. We approach it in our yawning, demi-apparelled state, with a fond confidence, resulting from a confirmed experience of its perfect adaptedness to our particular comfort; we sit upon it with anticipatory luxury; a thrill of pleasure rewards us for the effort of 'turning in' as our toe-tips touch the linen, and we draw down the coverlid at length, and hide ourselves from the

world, with the soul-comforting assurance of wholesome rest, and freedom from companionship, human or entomic. Ah! in country-houses, in far-off cities, even in our best friend's hospitable mansion, how do we remember that bed, those immaculate sheets! but at a tavern—Jupiter Hospitalis! do we not sometimes rather forego the relinquishment of those garments, the livery of our degenerate nature, than——

Well, Mr. Brown passed the night, after his purchases, stretched upon three chairs, and thought of Procrustes and pigs, and slept but little.

Behold him on the following morning, performing the depressing feat of driving a fast horse at a slow walk, and following that squealing, straggling army of young swine; their six highly recommended but suspicious-looking young officers hallooing, running, dodging, returning, chasing deserters into the ranks, and swearing fearfully. Behold him halting in the road as he approaches some open field or turnpike-crossing; and as he stands up in his vehicle, see with what generalship he witnesses the grand deploy of his troops. Hear him shout till he is hoarse, as the left wing starts incontinently down the wrong road; the right, entering a breach in the wall, victoriously attacks an unresisting column of beardless corn; while the main body, averse to action as to flight,

ingloriously conceals itself in a road-side ditch, and sits down to enjoy the mud. See him, with his raw infantry re-marshalled and on their way again, calling a halt, which the officers alone obey; and, driving into the midst of his forces, endeavor to perform the impossible task of counting them. Watch him throughout that day, and the next, and still a third; and after encountering the fatigue, the perplexities, the annoyances of the march; the sun, the mud, or the dust; the astonished stare of the few acquaintances, and the inquisitive leer of the many strangers he met; the gibes of rustics, who asked if them critters took the prize at the World's Fair; the constant anxiety lest provisions or shelter should fail on the route; and the nightly fear that his barn-lodged officers would desert in disgust, and leave him at the head of his regiment alone: after all this, see him arrive at his country-home, haggard, unshaven, and travel-stained—and unless you consider him a fool, or infatuated, you must agree with Rinkle that he was influenced by some higher motive than superior pork or profit.

Upon the evening of his arrival, Brown succeeded in counting his forces. He found, like Napoleon at Moscow, that his ranks had been thinned on the march. Fourteen pigs were missing.

Early the next day, he awoke. Not the sun-beams

glinting through the window-panes, not the dewy call of incense-breathing morn, nor yet the cock's shrill clarion, roused him from his slumbers; but an unearthly noise—a combination of unearthly noises, singly, hideous and harrowing; together—indeed, I will not repeat the strong, sub-terrene adjective he used in his letter to describe them. The pangs of purgatory seemed going on outside his window. Four hundred and seventy hollow pigs, fierce with the gnawings of hunger, were shrieking for their breakfast.

Four hundred and seventy. Sixteen had yielded up their poor lives during the night. What they had suffered, no one can tell. Whether fatigue, whether fever and burning thirst, whether a surfeit on unaccustomed diet; or whether the *maladie du pays*—a hopeless yearning for Ohio, and a broken heart — had ended their miseries, who shall say? There they were, pain and pleasure over, stiff, cold, and dead.

And Brown, reverent as a Brahmin, ordered them to be buried decently. And he was glad when the four hundred and seventy were fed, and their howlings had subsided into grunts; and resting upon a log, while they strayed in the orchard around him, he sat wondering if any more would die, when he heard a strange cough.

COUGHING TIME.—(Page 25.)

He looked up, supposing it to proceed from one of his men, who stood near him; but the man seemed strong and well, and his broad chest heaved only with a healthy breathing. Still the cough continued. It came from beyond the man. Evidently a pig was in distress; too large a lump of moist meal had probably been gulped down, or a stray knife from the kitchen offal.

Humanity, no less than self-interest, was hurrying our friend to find the sufferer, when he thought he heard a remarkable echo. The cough seemed repeated from some point behind him. Perhaps it was not an echo, but another cough. He was as much bewildered as that notable donkey who found himself between two thistles, and stood wavering. Just then a third cough came conveniently to his aid; and then a fourth broke out, and then two or three together; and suddenly, a husky chorus came from a corner of the orchard; and then, coughing-time having come, as it would seem, pretty much all the company went at it, and wheezed and rasped so vigorously, that the passing traveller might have supposed himself in the vicinity of a flourishing saw-mill.

Brown stood aghast. The realization of Virgil's description was before him:

——'et quatit ægros
Tussis anhela sues, ac faucibus angit obesis.'

His men were as much perplexed as himself. They had never seen the like before, and could only suggest sulphur as a sovereign remedy for all the ills that kind of flesh is heir to.

. . . . .

Over the further sufferings of these creatures let us draw a veil. For months, their infatuated owner persevered in his design, whatever that design was. If, indeed, it savored at all of speculation, it was a mournful failure, and a warning to the uninitiated. To be sure, the creatures dropped off slowly, and kept up a good appetite to the last; but, though they consumed untold bushels, corn seemed only to have the same effect upon them as upon mill-stones —to wear them out. Day after day, corpses were found in the orchard; and a post-mortem examination of the remnant that was left of the drove, in the autumn, proved that the knife had kindly anticipated the pleurisy.

There was silence in the rooms of the Sociable Club for some moments after Cribbs had ceased. Fred Daw was in Estremadura. I could perceive by the moisture at the corners of his mouth, as he faintly smiled in his sleep, that there was a morsel of paradisiacal pork melting on his tongue. Rinkle sat in his chair, the Review to which he had last referred open on the table beside him, and himself as

motionless as any petrifaction. His eyes were shut, and a casual observer might have supposed that he too slept. But I have not watched that man through a long acquaintanceship to no purpose, and I very well knew, as I saw him with his hands clasped, and the tips of his forefingers meeting at the end of his nose, that he was in profound thought.

For full five minutes did Cribbs and I sit waiting for him to speak. At length, his eyes opened; his fingers slowly left his nose, and pointed to the figure on the sofa.

'Wake him,' said Rinkle.

Any person who has had much experience of truly civilized life, knows the difficulty of rousing a gentleman of luxurious habits and good appetite from his after-dinner slumbers, and need not be told that it was with extreme difficulty we could bring Mr. Daw's soul back from its sensual banquet to the feast of reason, with Rinkle as host.

'Gen-tle-men,' said Rinkle, at length, with that distinct and emphatic utterance of each syllable, so calculated to impress the hearer with the importance of what is coming: 'Gen-tle-men! the truly philosophic mind, in accounting for any phenomena, is not satisfied with a limited and conventional survey, but weighs the combined evidence of all experience, observation, and learning.

'Philosophy, gentlemen, calling science to its aid, looks back, not a year, nor a century, nor yet a thousand years, but through countless ages; and forming its theories from facts, it gives to every creature the place assigned it in the mysteriously written, but still intelligible history of Creation. Before the researches of science, (to which I bow,) prejudice give way, error hides it head, and the cherished traditions of superstition are ridiculed or forgotten.

'And now, gentlemen, that we may form such a catholic and scientifically-correct estimate of the whole animal creation as will enable us to look upon the pig with an enlightened and unprejudiced eye, let me read you an extract from the celebrated geologist, Mr. Sedgwick, as quoted in the Review I hold in my hand — the *London Quarterly* for October, 1851:

''*The elevation of the* FAUNA *of successive periods was not made by transmutation, but by creative additions; and it is by watching these additions that we get some insight into Nature's true historical progress. Judging by our evidence,* (*and by what else have we any right to judge?*) *there was a time when* CEPHALOPODA *were the highest types of animal life. They were then the* PRIMATES *of this World, and, corresponding to their office and position, some of*

them were of noble structure, and gigantic size. But these creatures were degraded from their rank at the head of Nature, and Fishes next took the lead: and they did not rise up in Nature in some degenerate form, as if they were but the transmuted progeny of the CEPHALOPODA, *but they started into life in the very highest ichthyic type ever created. Following our history chronologically, Reptiles next took the lead; and (with some almost evanescent exceptions) they flourished during the countless ages of the secondary period as the lords and despots of the world; and they had an organic perfection corresponding to their exalted rank in Nature's kingdom; for their highest orders were not merely great in strength and stature, but were anatomically raised far above any forms of the Reptile class now living in the world. This class was, however, in its turn to lose its rank; what is more, it underwent (when considered collectively) a positive organic degradation before the end of the secondary period—and this took place countless ages before terrestrial mammals of any living type had been called into being. Mammals were added next, (near the commencement of the tertiary period,) and seem to have been added suddenly. Some of the early extinct forms of this class, which we now know only by ransacking the ancient catacombs of Nature, were powerful and gigantic, and we believe they were, col-*

lectively well-fitted for the place they filled. But they in their turn, were to be degraded from their place at the head of Nature, and she became what she now is, by the addition of Man. By this last addition she is more exalted than she was before. Man stands by himself, the despotic lord of the living world; not so great in organic strength as many of the despots that went before him in Nature's chronicle, but raised far above them all by a higher development of the brain; by a framework'—etc. etc. etc. *'Such is the history of creation.'*—SEDGWICK: *p.* 216.

'Yes, gen-tle-men, such is the history of creation; not handed down to us by vain tradition, but written before language had existence, and traced by royal hands in the solid rock.

'Such are the sermons that science extorts from stones! Man, the present primate and lord of the creation, has taken the throne successively occupied by the cepalopoda, fishes, reptiles, and mammals; and, as Cuvier, I remember, holds, in *his* turn to yeild the sceptre to some yet uncreated class. There are a thousand curious questions that present themselves upon the reception of these great truths. Perhaps the most serious and affecting are: What kind of creatures shall succeed us in our reign? At about what period will they make their appearance? Will they look upon their fallen predecessors with compas-

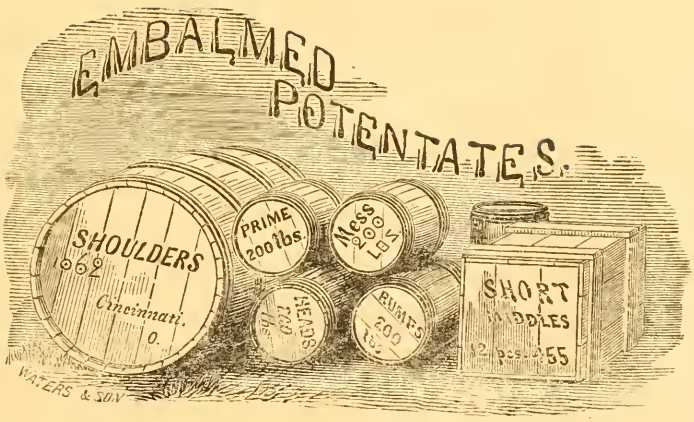
sion, and treat them with kindness? Will they understand our spoken language and read our books, or will our words be to them as brutish sounds, our alphabet but hieroglyphics? Will they be carnivorous; and if so, will the creatures they immediately succeed be pleasant to their taste?

'But without turning aside to pursue these and other interesting inquiries, let us apply the light that science thus lets in upon us to the subject of our recent investigation; and what a halo does it shed upon the name of BROWN—martyr to compassion for a royal though degraded order! How does it illuminate his motives; how begild even his depleted purse! We remember his admiration of high birth, his partiality for noble blood. Probably, gentlemen, *very* probably, among the creatures who reigned before our lordships, the Pig ranked high; perhaps he was the greatest mammal of them all—the 'mighty Paramount.' If size gave importance, as it undoubtedly did, how noble must he have been! Even in these, his degenerate days, his capacity of growth is almost illimitable: conceive of his greatness in the prime and pre-eminence of his power! If blood was then a test among peers, how readily must the supremacy have been yielded to him! Even in this, his era of serfdom, the stream that

courses through his veins tints his flesh like jewels, and gives it an ambrosial tang!

'Gentlemen! while the rest of the world admire and applaud the man who—laudably indeed—spends his time in protecting and pampering the strongest and handsomest individuals, descendants of a class or an order of whilom monarchs, be it for us to honor him who has nobly devoted himself to the most miserable of their progeny: I refer to Brown. I desire Smithers, as a payment of the fine I have this night imposed on him, to prepare (for the public eye) some account of our absent friend's self-denials in behalf of a degraded order. To this account he may add these brief remarks of my own; and I take this opportunity of intimating that I may yet prepare a paper tracing the mercenary practice (as it now exists) of preserving swine's flesh for market, to the noble custom, so prevalent among the ancient races, of embalming their illustrious dead.

'And now, gentlemen, one more duty. It is not ours, perhaps, to harbor and sustain, on so large a scale as Brown has done, the scions of an unfortunate race. It was not ours, in the least particular, to aid our friend in his benevolent projects. Let us, at any rate, show our sympathy with his efforts, and our respect for their object. I propose, gentlemen—to be drunk in silence—*the memory of* Brown's Pigs!'


EMBALMED
POTENTATES.
SHOULDERS
Cincinnati.
O.
PRIME
200 lbs.
MESS
200
PORK
HEADS
RUMPS
200
SHORT
WATERS & SON

CLARA.

BY

RAWDON BROWN, Esq.

"If you should see a picture of her, such
As Raphael might have painted,—though the glow
Seemed playing on her cheek—and though the lips
Seemed parting, and did cheat you into waiting
Until she spoke—that would not be her likeness.
You would not half conceive her; for she brings
A calm, strange beauty with her presence
That is not of her person; and you think,
When gazing at her, that there is some charm
Will keep her ever beautiful and young—
The angels grow not old. When she approaches
You do not think she walks—the distance lessens.
Her laugh is like the echo of a strain
Of music heard among the hills—her smile
Comes to you like the sunlight when you wake;
Her large blue eyes look only tenderness
And fullest confidence; when she has spoken,
Your ear would give her answer. Her sweet voice
Lends a rare dignity to common things—
The chaffering of the birds is melody."

UGLINESS AND ITS USES.

A LECTURE.

BY QUENTIN RINKLE, Esq.

LECTURE.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

In appearing before you to give expression to some crude remarks on the subject of Ugliness, I will, at the outset, disabuse your minds of any false impression they may have received by my choice of a topic. Let it not be supposed, that, in the general signification of the word, I consider Ugliness a thing to be over-admired and sought after. Were I, indeed, an illiberal cynic, or a super-censorious preacher, I might, to use the language of the pulpit, "for the good of your souls," enlarge upon the advantages of a crooked person or a homely face, while the youthful traveler pursues that flowery but dangerous pathway, along which so many snares are laid for "the good-looking" and "the genteel." I might thus, perchance, persuade some of you to give a serious thought to that homely, may I not say, ugly, adage—"Handsome is that handsome does"—and dispel from your minds that fond but illusive notion, that "a thing of beauty is a joy forever." I might

induce the fairer portion of my audience, by the practice of some of the lighter mortifications, to restrict the display of those charms which are as dangerous to themselves as to others; and I might obtain the applause of the aged, the virtuous, the unfavored, as I am sure I should of the malicious, by sneering at those perfections of form, of feature and of mind, which have in all ages been the strength and the ornament of the sex, and which, I may say without flattery, have in no age or country found a higher development, or a worthier appreciation, than in our own day, and among my own countrywomen. [Applause.] But no! I should be untrue to myself as a man, as an author, and as an American, were I in the least to detract from the benign influence of that subtle thing called Beauty. Whether beaming from the human face—that concentration of all charms, for the portraiture of which poets have dipped their pencils in clouds and rainbows, in sunbeams and moonshine, and have even climbed beyond the sky to borrow angelic pigments—or diffusing itself upon the marble or the canvas *within* rather than upon which the artist, with Promethean power, has seemed to work—whether glittering from a Coliseum, or stealing from behind a cloud—whether seated in cold and dignified majesty among the Alps, or gliding down

to us in gentleness with the sunlight—whether exhibited in what to the untutored savage would appear a little parcel of curiously-pressed pages, but what to the cultivated mind is a treasure of the choicest intellectual gems, or displayed in that divine form, legible alike to the Barbarian and the Greek, a NOBLE DEED—I yield it my homage and confess its power. Neither can I believe that any of you are behind me in this devotion. Everywhere—in sky or sea—on the peak or in the cavern—on the "carpeted meadow" or the "carpeted floor"—you, I, all of us, acknowledge the claims of that ethereal but potent Essence—BEAUTY. [Applause.]

And it is for this reason, among others, that I appear before you to-night to address you on the topic I have chosen. *Because* the power and the rights of Beauty are everywhere acknowledged, and *because* in the adulation *it* receives, and the attention that philosophic minds have ever paid, and are still paying, to *its* elucidation, I fear the claims of its opposite—Ugliness—are in danger—I now stand forth, the humble, but the bold and honest champion of the latter Essence.

I am aware of the unpopularity of my theme. I know that Ugliness in Nature or in Art—in form, feature or disposition—is generally disliked and

avoided. I do not forget that, in the general estimation of Christian lands, Ugliness is associated with that nameless Person, the Father of Evil and Lies, and that this association has given rise to a common, but none the less odious comparison. But, let me ask, is innocence to be condemned, because she is maligned? Is Beauty to become a Juggernaut—or, rather, to borrow an idea from Plato, is she to become a lubricator to the wheels of a Juggernaut, that is to crush other and noble attributes in its progress? Heaven forbid! Let us be generous, but let us at the same time be just.

I shall proceed to speak of a few of the Uses of Ugliness.

Ugliness is manifold. You might, perchance, analyze its significations and declare that all their varieties can be comprehended in two classes—the outward, or apparent, and the inward, or essential; and to the thoughtful mind, these two divisions may be all-sufficient. And yet Ugliness, like Beauty, is a thing so subtle,—it has such lights and shadows,—and is so far a negative and comparative, rather than a positive, characteristic, that I doubt whether I might not be met by opposition from every variety of intellect and taste, were I to insist dogmatically upon such a restricted classification. Let us

be content, at any rate, to take it as it is, and, like a funeral orator, employ ourselves rather in its eulogy, than its dissection.

The child, before it comes to know the difference between right and wrong, is allowed, by the orthodox as well as by their opponents, to be, in one sense, innocent. It knows no wrong, it harbors no suspicion, it bears no malice, and it has no desires, unless under that name may be classed a longing for warm milk and water. In this happy state the philosophic mind finds food for profound study; and among other researches, I may be allowed to say it has discovered that Ugliness—mere physical Ugliness, I mean—has no natural and inherent repulsion. The tender babe will reach its tiny fingers to grasp the nose of deformity, or smooth the wrinkles of age, with the same tremor of delight as is witnessed in its toying with classic features, or a youthful skin. Nay, I have seen an infant turn from the works of our best masters, to fondle a bundle of rags, bearing but a distant and ugly similitude to itself. You may call this ignorance, I call it nature, and I see in it one of those beautiful lessons which we are ever apt to prate of, and too little inclined to approve. The babe and the suckling, a fresh type of something higher than this earth can offer, a purity in the

midst of sin, puts its mark upon our heart, and reads us this truth: "To the Beautiful and the joyous Soul, even Ugliness has a Beauty." [Applause.]

But further than this, and in another view, may Ugliness be said to have a humanizing power. In the halls of Fashion as well as among the cottages of Rusticity, the freaks of nature are observable—sometimes exhibiting themselves in such quiet and yet torturing malformations as the foot of a Byron, and at others awaking the continual sympathy of the good, as in the deformity of a Goldsmith. And wherever such vagaries, as we are accustomed to call them, exist, shall we, in our obtuseness, blame an all-wise Providence, and say they have no use? Let me inquire who exercised a more softening influence over that bulk of knowledge, kindness and bearishness, known as Dr. Samuel Johnson, than Oliver Goldsmith himself? and this too, not despite, but rather on account of those very oddities and awkwardnesses that rendered the author of the Vicar of Wakefield—in few instances only, let us hope—the laughing stock of the envious. Who has not met an "ugly man" or an "ugly woman?"—and here, of course, I refer to features, not to temper—and who, having met such, has not felt the benevolent pangs

of commiseration? How often in the society of cultivated persons have we heard the kind and sympathizing remark, expressive of grief at the pain that *must* be endured by the countenance of the unfortunate ugly one? Surely, misfortune that calls forth *such* sympathy, loses half its affliction in the consciousness of a power to wake to pity, if not to love.

Rare, indeed, I hope, are the occasions in which deformity has provoked sarcasm, in which ugliness of person has awakened ugliness of heart. I must confess—to the shame of human nature—that I have seen one or two such instances, and I have been reminded, when watching the face of some strikingly unhandsome person smarting under a jest, of the sensitive plant in my friend the gardener's green-house, growing from common earth, and boasting but a rude pot of clay as its hold upon existence; and as I have seen the gentle soul shrink from the rude touch of malice, I have almost wished for a momentary omnipotence, to give vitality and strength to the tender spirit, that it might turn and crush the fingers by which it was tormented. [Sensation.]

And where such malice, which is deformity, in one soul, has called forth such sympathy, which is beauty, in another, who shall say that, judged by the law of Compensation, and weighed in the eternal

balances of Good and Evil, Ugliness, essential and inherent, has not betrayed a use, and put forth a power, which, though apparently as little as the force of a water-drop, shall yet, with a kindred energy to that of each hidden globule of the ocean, help to raise, support and carry forward whatever is beautiful and true, upon the mighty Sea of Time! [Great applause.]

Again, the salutary effect of Ugliness is to be observed, I think, not merely in the idle sympathetic, but in the active charity it calls into existence. Remark, in those walks of benevolence where you so often tread, *who* excites your sincerest sorrow and feels your largest bounty. Is it not the beggar of the most patches and the fewest limbs? And is it not notorious that the most successful clerical asker of contributions among us, is the one the least remarkable for the graces of his person? And thus it is, that while little crimes and little criminals receive but a casual sympathy from our great philanthropists, the murderer,—the ugliest of the ugly souls,—extorts tears from stoics, is defended by "bristling columns" in the newspapers, and makes the hearts of governors bleed. [Deep silence.]

Let me now direct your attention to an equally serious and important use of Ugliness, and one in

which, perchance, you will feel a higher interest. Ugliness is a most capital *foil*. Day would become burdensome without the night. Joy would ache for some misery, as a set-off, should sorrows cease; and perpetual and omnipresent Beauty, of which the daylight and happiness are but types and phases, would, while man's nature remains as it is, drive us all mad in the end. It is a common stage-trick, to render a giant more gigantic, and a dwarf more diminutive, by the proximity of smaller or larger objects; and though

> Pigmies are pigmies still, tho' perch'd on Alps;
> And pyramids are pyramids in vales,—

yet there can be no doubt that both the pigmies and the pyramids would acquire an additional, though indeed it might be but a meretricious distinction, were they really placed in the supposititious localities assigned them by the poet. Who questions that the beauty of Miranda is heightened by her association with Caliban? Haidee, although the cunning poet never intended this secret to be revealed, gains one charm the more when we remember the roughness of her father's manners and the barbarity of his trade; and the Indian maiden Yarico seems the lovelier by reason of the heartlessness and villany of her lover, Incle. Contrast makes all beauty; and, as a

sequitur, ugliness has a use. Were there no flat feet, of what use, let me ask, were a rounded instep? Were all hands and *ceintures* fashioned after the same model, what would become of that ambition that tapers from a finger, or circles round a waist? [Sensation.] And were there no villany, no vice, no ugliness of character or disposition, where would be the glory and the virtue of those persons whom, in the politest circles, we hear designated as the sweet —the charming—and the nice?

It is, I think, to be regretted, that, as a nation, we have not cultivated a better acquaintance with the true use and power of Ugliness—that combination, if I may so express it, of the Ugly essential with the Ugly apparent—which has been sought after with such decided success in other countries. It seems to be a destiny that we have not yet reached, if indeed we ever are to reach it, to exemplify, either in human or mechanical specimens, the practicability of such a combined organization. The Russians, the Turks, the French, and I may say the English, far transcend us in this respect, so far as concerns the animal *physique;* and in the late Exposition of all Nations, in the Crystal Palace at London, it was only too plain that our genius had not yet reached this triumph in the mechanical arts. Colt's Revolver

is the only exception to this remark, that I now remember. In everything else, we were merely represented by the extremes;—essential Ugliness, on the one hand, being displayed in a bust in Soap, and apparent Ugliness in a large number of Daguerreotypes, on the other. [Some applause, and some little dissatisfaction expressed by one or two in the audience.]

But furthermore and finally, Ugliness is promotive of good fellowship. It is notorious that those who are blessed with what the world calls a handsome person, are almost as certainly gifted with a complete appreciation of their own charms, so that the *abandon* and ease that are the axles on which social enjoyment turns, are to be sought elsewhere than amongst the fine-featured and the pretty.

There is a pleasant paper in the Spectator, illustrative of the good temper and sociability of the ugly men. A few of this species formed an association to which they honestly gave the name of the "Ugly Club," and amongst their rules we find that, "every fresh member, upon his first night is to entertain the company with a dish of codfish, and a speech in praise of Æsop, whose portraiture they have in fine proportion, or rather disproportion, on the chimney, and their design is, as soon as their

funds are sufficient, to purchase the heads of Thersites, Duns Scotus, Scarron, Hudibras, and the old gentleman in Oldham, with all the celebrated ill faces of Antiquity, as furniture for the club room." Jolly times, doubtless, they had, with their own ugly faces leering back at the ugly company on the walls —criticising their own charms without vanity—and comparing sprains and mutilations, arm-slings and crutches, in the most perfect good humor. Long may the ugly men live! and when the time arrives, if arrive it must, which Heaven forbid! when the glorious Union of these affiliated States shall be dissolved,—when the North and the South, so long friends and brothers, shall become aliens in each other's territory, and strangers at each other's hearths—when the beauty of Many in Unity becomes a wreck and a remembrance—may there be a few ugly men left, to cheer the gloom that shall foreshadow the "Good Time Coming."

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